

Mistress of Dress Coquetry.

By Comtesse Cassini

Changing Fashions of the Ages Preserved in Works of Art-The Personal Touch in a Woman's Tollette-Fashion Rightly Understood, No Frivolous or Futile Thing - The Truly Beautiful Woman Will Show Intellectual

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

(Comtesse Marguerite de Cassini, the twilliant daughter of the former Russian ambassador to the United States, has had sceptional advantages of travel and eduroom fluently. During a residence of six years in China she studied under the best tainments and accomplishments, by

that some taste and probably a good matchless productions of the masters deal of it, considering the epoch, pre- in the art of creating marvels of elesided at the toilet of the golden-haired, gauce and loveliness of beautiful fabwhite-shouldered daughters of the ries. The most perfect beauty as to north as they wrapped themselves up form and features, enhanced by the in hear, wolf and fox skins-those pro- most exquisite conceptions of the attotypes of our sealskin jackets and tire becoming her style, will say nothsable cloaks. It is true that protec- ing to the heart and mind; if soul does tion from the cold was the prime mo- not shine triumphant from her eyes, live of this covering, yet it is permis- thought does not dwell on her brow, sable to believe that some coquetry of she will be but a beautiful doll, appeal a primitive kind formed part of the ing only to the coarser instincts, leav-

the Renaissance period may be fol- of her beauty, has sacrificed everythat of the "Roi Soleil," King cheeks, touis XIV., has been immortalezed by Largilliere, Regnaud and had well understood and their salons the graceful attire of were the field in which the genius of a its Corneille, a Moliere, a Racine and oththe eighteenth century with court shepherdesses in coquettish cos- er great poets and writers found extume has been painted by Watteau, pression, development and encourage-Lancret and Pater; it was closely followed by the nobleness, sumptuosity and simplicity of the empire style. which is represented in the works of ingres, David and Gerard.

It may thus be seen that from century to century through art alone has it been possible to follow the history of woman's dress, as characteristic of the various epochs. The masterpieces of the great artists have been the only documents through whose medium it has been possible to form an idea of the fashions of bygone days-and not of the fashions alone, but also of the shown off for vanity's sake to friends intimate life of the dead and gone and acquaintances as rare animals, the beauties-a precious and useful thing, poor men being rendered greatly unfor it has been instrumental in forming the taste and accustoming the eye all sorts of incongruous questions. To to beauty of line and harmony of coldraw out a man of genius or talent, to ors and shades.

Yet, in spite of a faithful adherance far below him herself in intellect, in to the fashions of the period a personel touch was given by each celebrated master to his sitter-an individual touch that must exist in every wom- talent are given but to the few elect, ped impatiently. an's toilet, howsoever closely she might desire to copy her model-be it even may reach the attainments mentioned only half-past eight! Another tirethe reproduction of one of the great if she take but the trouble of develop- some evening ahead of me. Oh, dear, painter's masterpieces for a masquerade or a costumed ball.

So much the more must this indi- the charm of the physical self, not viduality be asserted when the dress everything must be sacrificed on the is copied from fashion plates in which altar of beauty. The mind must be the design of woman's anatomy is so adorned as well as the body, the lastconventional, and so to say, untrue. Ing must not be neglected for the per-There she stands, tall and slender, ishable.

Open to Grave Doubt.

in New York about the life of a re-

a life that taxes all the energies

I don't care how great a genius a

man might be, how resourceful, how

ities would be brought in play if the

man turned reporter and on many a

good story he would still fall down

"Reporters are often snubbed. There

is a stupid type of man that likes

president, once tried to snub my

"The bank had gone up through a

defalcation, and Jimmy went to in-

crusty. He refused to be interviewed.

He tock Jimmy by the arm and led

"'Young man,' he said. 'I. always

ou doing that, said Jimmy.

friend Jimmy Patterson.

him toward the door.

.. 'Were

Richard Harding Davis was talking

"A hard life it is." said he. "It is

waist no bigger than her throat, diminutive hands and feet, every dress and style becoming this creature of imagination.

It must not be forgotten that fashon, rightly understood, is not a frivolous and futile thing, as claimed by its detractors, but one of the phases of art, a phase inspiring numerous marvels which at all times make a fit frame for beauty-that "joy forever,"

as asserted by the English poet. The fashions of the present period will likewise be immortalized and transmitted to poste, ity by the celebrated painters of to-day, the Flamengs, the Makovskie and many a poet or lover of the beautiful will speculate as to the history of some fair twentieth century belle in flowing draperies, with the lengthened and attenuated waist, the clinging yet vague skirt, molding her figure to perfection over the hips and then flaring boldly around her knees; skirt made deliberately longer than herself, falling around her, making her taller, forming a pedestal to her beauty, adding a languid slowness and peculiar grace to her walk as she gently glides scarcely lifting the fluffy hem without getting embarrassed in its folds.

More than one will stop before a pair of dreamy eyes, gazing at him from under a dark velvet toque, all drapery with but a bird or disheveled giant chrysanthemum giving a touch of color to the somber setting, the chin of the exquisite face half buried in a muff, all velvet and fur, lace ruffles, chiffon with a bunch of violets or a Marechal Niel rose peeping from out of the filmy clouds and try to read the mystery of that life gathered long ago into the no less mysterious beyond.

Man and woman will be arrested by that stately woman in trailing sable, ermine-lined cloak worn negligently over a creation of satin and lace, silver web and diamond spangles, with a coronet on the haughty head.

All this will be bequeathed to posterity-the outline, the lights and shadows, the richness, the grace, the style characteristic of the epoch.

Yet this is far from all that is needstion. She speaks and writes with ease values languages, Chinese being the one in ed by woman. She must be doubly which, next to Russian, she can converse charming by intellectual culture, by athigher thought, by loftier ideals than the setting-off, to its best advantage, There is little doubt as to the fact of mere physical beauty, adorned by ing the higher and nobler feelings un The resurrection of women's attire touched. Her shallowness, her frivof prehistoric times must be entirely olous talk, her pretty smiles, her silteft to our imagination, as no indica- very laughter, to which so much study all at hand. Now and then she tions remain that might show us pallis devoted, may be good for a time, a glanced at a big bowl of violets, pably the effect produced. But later, short time only. For beauty, as all which stood on the table near her. when civilization dawned upon man fair things, is evanescent, and the which stood on the table hear her, kind, the evolution of woman's dress years tear pitilessly the wreath of roses blending of indignation and triumph. an be traced all through the frescoes of Babylonian palaces, the runic inscriptions, the pyramids of Egypt, the horror of losing her adulation which eternally beautiful temples of Rome for so long has been her daily food and Greece, the exquisite statues of and which turns its flight toward othcathedrals. The gorgeous apparel of awaits the woman who has made a god

This the women of France and Italy

dressed-up doll: no matter how ex-

quisitely she is dressed she must pos-

sess intelligence and knowledge great

tact and refinement to be able to lead

the conversation, draw out the oft-

times shy and modest man of letters.

most eloquent flow of language, argue,

more brilliantly-then her fan be-

and her seat a throne. But all this is

gone; great men are lionized, invited,

comfortable and deeply miserable by

spur him on, woman must not be too

knowledge, in the understanding of

Thus not every thought must be

from this city, placed an up-to-date

eel basket in the river 1,000 vards east

of the Lewiston dam and in one night

he took 2,500 eels, weighing one-half

to five pounds each, from the basket.

The eels are put in boxes alive and

At the Pennington camp there are

Pigmies Among Trees.

tableland some six miles in width,

near the west coast of Africa. The

peculiarity of the trees is that, though

their trunks are as much as four feet

of one foot. No tree bears more

than two leaves, and the latter are

What is probably the most extraor-

ing It.

persevering, how alert, all these qual- This is only one of the many baskets

to snub them. Such a man, a bank fully two tons of eels in the boxes-

terview its head. But its head was dinary forest in the world occupies a

make it a rule to mind my own busi- in diameter, they only reach a height

cashier made his haul?" | not infrequently six feet long.

in the river.

find a ready market.

Philadelphia Record.

Tanagra, the medieval tombs in Gothic er business. An empty life is what pages of the newspaper, She felt strangely lonely. The girls had gone out, wearing their violets lowed through the works of art of the thing on the altar of vanity, and more pinned in the fur and laces at their great masters, the paintings of Leon- than one has ended by taking her life bonnie throats. The fragrance of the ardo da Vinci, Titian, Velasquez, Rem- which became meaningless to her when flowers at her side swept up with the brandt, Van Dyck and Rubens; the age had dimmed her eyes, silvered her memory of the lines which had come sumptuous dress of the great century, hair and withered the roses on her as a valentine to little Jeanne:

My love for you, my dear, Will last for aye!

BY GRACE DUFFIE BOYLAN

NE STACEY sat with

her back to the light of

her existence and the

chandelier. But the re-

spective luminaries ce-

mained equally indiffer-

ent, the one obscured by

his evening paper and

the other by a pink-tissue

shade. So she lifted her

pretty foot to the glow

of the fire-the only glow

that seemed in evidence

anywhere-and engaged in her long-

practised game of making the best of

things. But the play went dully this

the quarter-hours rejuctantly, and the

occasional rustling of the turning

"But it doesn't, Jeanne, child," she whispered sadly, "It does not last any longer than the dew lasts on the But it is so sweet to be deroses. ceived!" She sighed. And again her ment. To assemble such men around eyes fell on the violets. her, a woman must not be merely a

"Who in the world could have sent them to me?" she murmured. "And the verses! Impertinent, of course. But rather dear. The writing looks a little familiar, too; but I can't place it." She drew a little note from the bring out his happiest thoughts, his dainty little rose-colored bag which swung from the ribbons at her waist, discuss to make his genius shine forth and scanned it by the firelight. A half-pleased smile crept up to her comes a scepter and a leader's baton eyes, as she read:

> These tender flowers are sent to you by To whom you are the starlight and the Their fragrance bears a message fond From out a heart that beats alone for

"How dreadful!" murmured Anne Stacey, but with commendable forbearance. "I must show it to Dick!" She rose determinedly, just as there was a sound of a sliding paper and a greatness, in refinement of feeling and snore. She turned back and sat down, depth of thought. Though genius and and the little foot on the fender tap-

every woman of average intelligence "Asleep again," she said, "and it is I don't see why I ever married him! A man so absorbed in business has no given to fashion, to enhancement of right to marry. He is so tired and dull when he comes home that he never talks. I believe I am getting so I dislike Dick, anyway. I just won't try to tell him about the flowers and note. He doesn't take the trouble to tell me anything. I wish I knew who sent it -that's what I wish!" Her cheeks were flushed now, and she looked resentfully at the form in the big leather Many tons of eels have been taken chair. "I won't tell him a word," she from the Juniata river during the last repeated - then called sharply: few days. John Pennigton, a cripple "Dick!"

Stacey started up, dazedly. "Eh? Yes. All right! What is it, mamma?

"It's St. Valentine's eve!" "The deuce it is! I thought it was morning. What's up?"

'Nothing. The same old nothing." There was a pause, after which ankept well into the winter. They sell other gasp and snore was followed by for from 12 to 15 cents a pound and apologetic: "Did you speak,

> "I only said it was St. Valentine's "Oh, yes, so you did." (Yawn.) Who was the old duffer anyway? Been reading about him for the club?"

(Yawn.) Mrs. Stacey ignored the question so coldly that Stacey dimly realized that something ought to be said or

"This," he began instauatingly, "this isn't an anniversary of any kind, is it? We were not married or anything on Valentine's day, were we?" "If I had to ask such a question as | month.

that I'd keep still about it!" announced Mrs. Stacey. Her husband etired behind his paper. This was no time to discuss racial peculiarities of first time I ever saw her. She was 17

Oh, where are the girls of yester year,

The girls who used to cost us dear

When we went valentining?

The girls with blue eyes shining?

To whom we sang and meant it too,

To whom we sent with great ado Two hearts all intertwining?

Loved in the yester-year

Whose tresses olinted in the sun.

Whose blue eyes cost us dear.

Oh sugar's sweet and so were you!

We'd like to say and mean it too.

But time has cut our love in two

Dear maid of yester-year

Oh sugar's sweet and so are you!

If these should meet the eyes of one

"The girls have each received love y big bunches of violets." "Bully for the girls! Who

"We don't know. Jeanne's came with a valentine-poetry, you know." "Well, of course," said Stacey, "that s harder to bear. Know who wrote

Mrs. Stacey shook her head. "No. But it is beautiful. She will always remember it."

"Will, eh? Can't get it out of her read, I suppose. Something like that Blue - trip - slip-for-an-eight-cent-fare business. Mrs. Stacey gave wifely inattention

o his joke. Her mind seemed fixed on other subjects. Finally: "A woman always remembers such things. And sometimes they make dangerous food for hungry hearts." The man behind the paper became conscious of a meaning in his wife's

night, although the coals arranged the tone. He looked over the top of the usual pictures for her to gaze into sheet, to see that her gaze was fixed and the castle-building materials were upon a bowl of violets on the stand before the fire. She went on: "You never sent me a valentine,

Dick. But some one else has, I wasn't going to tell you-when you were "Well, I'm glad you didn't then.

But what about it now?" "There Isn't anything more about it At least I only know that I received a valentine and a bunch of flowers and I don't know who sent them. I wish I did, because I am tired of being left alone and neglected and-

so there!" "Why, mamma! Why-"You needn't 'Why' me!" The pitcher of patience indeed had been broken at the fountain. Mrs. Stacey was royally angry and in tears. "What do you men think women want in this life? Do you think we are satisfied with food and fire and clothes? I tell you we want love and attention as much as we do when we were young | Saloons From a Business Man's Point girls! And if husbands are too busy or too indifferent to give these things,

some other men will!" She stopped, with shamed sobbing. Stacey had risen and now stood beside her chair. "What did he say, Anne?" he questioned quietly.

But she shook her head miserably "What did he say?" He reached down and took her slender hand in his broad palm. His little ring glimmered upon it in the firelight.

"I can't tell you. You-never would understand-or appreciate-such tenderness. You-you never have-time

"What did he say, dear?" "Oh, Dick. If only you had made love to me-if you ever-ever had-" "Tell me what he said. You can't?

Then let me tell you." He knelt down beside her and her wondering eyes saw tears upon his instances which may be cited to illusbearded cheeks. But he reached over and took the bowl of violets in his hand as he said:

These tender flowers are sent to you by To whom you are the starlight and the

"Dick! You? You?" She threw her arms around his neck. Her cheek was upon his cheek, her eyes seeking his eyes, as he continued: Their fragrance bears a message fond

From out a heart which beats alone for Then there was silence in the little room where a man knelt with his wife

called blithely the quarter-hours as shape or form. they ran away with the eve of St. Val-Temperance Posters. entine. SELDOM THINKS.



valentine and a note saying his thoughts are all of me-Ernest-That signifies nothing; he doesn't think oftener than once a against him can get a chance to be

DR. TORREY'S TESTIMONY.

Why the Great Evangelist Signed the Pledge.

I want to tell you how I signed the pledge. I was a preacher, but I didn't believe in total abstinence. Going out to preach one summer, I went into & town and found a temperance revival going on, and I wished I had not come. They were going to have a temperance meeting that night. They said to me: "Of course you will speak at the meeting." I had never been inside one, for I had convinced myself that I didn't believe in total abstinence. What should I do? I thought it over; I prayed over it; I spent almost the whole day in prayer. I prayed it through and it became as clear as day that if for nothing more than my influence I ought to take my stand and sign the pledge. I went down to the meeting, and a

speaker delivered his little speech. Then he said: "Everybody in the room who has never signed the pledge stand up!" An old drunkard, a lady and myself were the only ones in the building who stood up. As far as the lady was concerned, she was good looking, and I didn't feel in bad company, but when I looked at that old soaker I felt in dreadfully bad company. I went up and I signed the pledge. The lady walked up, and she signed the pledge. She is here to-night, She is my wife now. That was the and I was 20. The old drunkard came up and signed the pledge, too. Men and women, I want to repeat what I said the other night: If you can get along just as well without the drink, sign the pledge for your brother's sake. If you can't get along just as well without it, sign the pledge for your own sake.

AN ENCOURAGING OUTLOOK.

Probability That Temperance Will Be Taught in British Schools.

Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell, M. P., president of the British board of education, received a large and important deputation of medical men at the education office at Whitehall recently. The deputation presented a memorandum, the chief points of which were these: (1) The necessity for recasting the general science teachinig, so that the principles of hygiene and temper ance can be embodled in the curriculum without constituting a new subject; (2) the teaching of hygiene and temperance in all training colleges, and to all student teachers; (3) the inclusion of hygiene and temperance among the subjects concerning which the inspectors must report.

As regards these three points, and speaking generally, Mr. Birrell was mnathetic He could hardly otherwise, he said, because the new code for which he is responsible, enjoins the teaching of health and temperance under the head of moral instruction. Mr. Birrell has a rooted objection to jargon, in all its forms. 'The thing is," he assured the deputation, "to avoid technicalities, to avoid all the jargon, and to make children see that health and temperance are things that can be taught in simple language, without repulsive and long words.'

WHY A TOWN LOST OUT.

of View.

Fitzgerald, Ga., a town of 4,000 population not long ago sought to become the location of the new building and repair shops of the Atlantic & Birmingham railway. The town was peculiarly adapted to the needs of such an industry, but the railroad officials refused to consider it because of the existence of six saloons, experience having taught them that labor was more reliable in "dry" territory. Last April 4,000 conductors and motormen of the United Railways of St. Louis, Mo., were notified by their employers that frequenting of saloons would subject them to instant dismissal. The United Mine Workers of America have shut out both saloonists and bartenders from membership in the organization. These are but a few of many trate the growing feeling against the saloon from a business standpoint.

Largest Business Men Don't Drink. The editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, Mr. Bok, recently made an investigation with a view to ascertaining if possible, the proportion of the leading business men of the nation who are addicted to the use of liquors. Twenty-eight of the largest business men of the country were taken for the purpose of the investigation and the results show that 22 out of the 28, or more than five-sevenths have never in his arms and the quick-pulsed clock used alcoholic liquors in any way,

> The policy of municipal corporations adorning the billboards with posters proclaiming the evils of the use of drink is spreading throughout England, where there are now more than 90 cities following that policy. In some cases the expense has been borne by local temperance organizations or individuals, but generally by the municipality itself.

Fewer Saloons, Drink More. The number of retail liquor places in Great Britain is less to-day than in 1880, though the quantity of liquor sold is much greater. The policy of limiting the number of public houses has resulted in creating a monopoly of the liquor traffic and has increased enormously license values, without a similar increase in the scale of taxation.

The Saloon Keeper in Holland. In Holland, if anyone applies for license his name must be published so that those who have anything

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES color more goods, per package, than others, and the colors are brighter and faster.

Graft often goes about disguised as business opportunity.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. illdreit testing, softens the gums, reduces ation, allays pain, cures wind colle. Esc a bo

Sometimes a woman's face overdoes it in the matter of telling her age.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Biceding or Protriding Piles in it to 14 days or money refunded. Els.

or; the adult must call in person and sign the poison register."

Red, Rough, Blotchy Skin is usually the result of using a cheap impure soap made from stale fat and alkali cheaply perfumed to disguise the real odor. A good soap costs so little that there is no excuse for buying the other kind. Buchan's Antiseptic soap is not only pure, but it is the only soap that is guaranteed under the new law. Moreover, it contains an antiseptic which protects the skin against disease. Ask your dealer for it. If he does not keep it send his name and address with 18 cents to Buchan's Soap Corporation, New York, who will send you a full size cake.

Wonder of Plant Memory. Plant memory is a problem for the inquisitive botanist, says the Dundee Advertiser. In 1901 a plant allied to the squash and pumpkin was taken to New York from the desert of Sonora, in Mexico, and since then it has been kept-without watering-in a strange climate 3,600 miles from home. During the six weeks of rain in the desert the plant grows its leaves and flowers and perfects its seed. Then R dries up and leaves only a water filled gourd, which a thick, hard shell seals against animals and evaporation. The transplanted specimen still remembers the rainy season of six weeks. It wakes, sends out rootlets, stems and leaves, and then dries up again until the following year.

NO RELIEF FROM ECZEMA

For Over Two Years-Patent Medicines, Quack Cures, and Doctors Fail-Cuticura Succeeds.

"I was very badly afflicted with ecsema for more than two years. The parts affected were my limbs below the knees. I tried all the physicians in the town and some in the surroundever until I commenced using the Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent. In the Cuticura Remedies I found immediate relief, and was soon sound and well. C. V. Beltz, Tippecanoe, Ind., Nov. 15, '05."

Used Him as Eraser.

The late Dr. Henry Martyn Field some years ago related at a Williams alumni dinner a rather amusing incident of his freshman days at college. Being only 12 years old when he entered he had not reached the point where the natural friction between the big boy and the small boy ceases and he was at particular feud with one of his fellows, a stalwart country youth fresh from the farm. One day young Field went early to the classroom and put upon the big blockboard a very exasperating caricature of his enemy, with his name beneath. When the aggrieved party saw what had been done he said not a word, but catching up his youthful tormentor, he used him as an eraser and after rubbing out the offensive picture quietly took his seat.

HOME

is not home without a little child,

but many weak, sick, miserable

women, seem unable to have

one. Where this is due to some

chronic disease of the womanly

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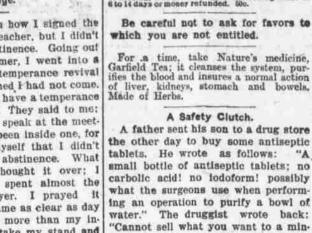




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a music hall.)—Na, na, man! D'ye no ken I never visit a music hall on th' Saturday-for fear I should laugh in th' kirk on th' Sawbath?-London Also Gives Away Libraries.

James J. H. Gregory of Marblehead, Mass., is a rival of Andrew Carnegie in the giving away of Hiraries. He has been doing this for years. His libraries are smaller than Carnegie's gifts and are given to small communities, to ministers and educators who cannot afford to purchase them.

STILL MORE PROOF

That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Have Cured Even the Most Stubborn Cases of Rheumatism.

"When I was a boy of sixteen," says Mr. Otto H. Rose, a retired grocer, of 1226 Lexington Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind., "I met with a serious accident which injured the bone of my head over the right eye. I recovered from the accident to all appearances, but not many years after I began to have intense pains in the injured bone, which came on every year and would

last from a few days to several weeks. "I consulted the doctors who told me that I was suffering from neuraling towns, and I also tried all the pat- gia. The sight of my right eye was ent remedes that I heard of, besides affected, so that at times I could all the cures advised by old women scarcely see out of it, while both eyes and quacks, and found no relief what- watered constantly. During these attacks I was often dizzy from the terrible pains. The pains came on every morning and passed away in the after noon. I never suffered from the pain

at night. "I tried without success to get relief until a friend told me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Phils. When I had taken a few boxes I felt the pain growing less intense and in a much shorter time than I had hoped for I was entirely cured. I have recommended the pills to several persons. who have used them with good results.

"My wife uses Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for nervous headaches and finds them the best medicine she has ever used as they give relief where all others fail."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists or sent, postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. An instructive booklet, entitled "Nervous Disorders," will be sent free

NEW WHEAT LANDS IN

on request to anyone interested.

